DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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SAVONAROLA.

BY A. L. W.

Truly, time has its revenges.

On the night of the 8th of April, 1498, there surged through the streets of this old city a wild mob of furious men. The light of torches and lanterns gleamed on a tumultuous sea of halberts, crossbows, helmets and cuirasses; and shouts of ferocious joy rent the air. In the midst of this frantic throng, borne along by its fury, rose the commanding form of the prior of the monastery of San Marco, Fra Girolamo Savonarola, the brave monk who from his pulpit in the cathedral had dared to denounce the abominations of the church at Rome and the infamous life of its head, Alexander Borgia. For several hours the mob had been storming the monastery walls, which were stoutly defended by the few monks who had not deserted their leader in his extremity; but at last, on the promise of safe conduct from the signory (governors of the city), Savonarola delivered himself into the hands of their mace-bearer. But in vain the guards endeavored to protect him from the violence of the people by holding their crossed arms and shields above and about him. He was assailed with showers of stones, spears were thrust at him; they scorched his face with their torches. Thus, heaped with every possible indignity, he passed through the streets of his cherished city to his prison in the grim Palazzo Vecchio. There for forty days he lay, in the intervals of his agonizing tortures, in a dark and narrow cell in the topmost height of the palace tower. The papal commissioners came from Rome on the pretence of giving him a trial, but with secret instructions from the Pope "to get him put to death even were he a St. John the Baptist."

On the 23d of May, Alexander Borgia accomplished his nefarious purpose. The mock trial was ended, and Savonarola was brought out into the great square before his prison-palace to meet his doom. His priestly robe was stripped from him, a mark of peculiar degradation, which even at that last supreme moment touched him keenly; and thus unfrocked, he was pronounced a schismatic and a heretic, and sentenced to be hanged and afterward burned. The lofty courage which had been his through all the years of his bold contest against the false and hypocritical religion of his day, did not now forsake him, and he mounted the scaffold with a firm step. "The Lord has suffered as much for me," were his last words; and soon the flames had hidden from sight all that was mortal of the great Savonarola. Even his ashes were gathered together and thrown into the Arno, that no one might possess any relic or remembrance of the abhorred monk.

Thus was stilled for ever the voice of the mighty preacher and reformer of his day, the one voice which, in spite of all the thunders from Rome, never ceased to send forth its daring charges against the corruption of the papal throne. Pope Alexander had now nothing more to fear; he could go on in his course of crime unbridled; his powerful enemy was silenced, and silenced in ignominy and contempt.

And now behold the tardy justice which four hundred years have brought. To-day I have stood in the great audience chamber of the Palazzo Vecchio, and watched them placing in its position of honor, among the rich old frescoes and sculptures of that historic building, a colossal statue of the martyr monk, Girolamo Savonarola. Yes, in the very palace where he suffered his cruel tortures, and before which he met his ignominious death, he is at last held up to honor. And Florence dares to do it!

Passing through one of the principal streets of the city not many days ago, my eye was caught by a large placard headed "Honors to Savonarola," and I stopped to see what such a bold announcement might mean. The notice began by calling the attention of the citizens to the pilgrimage which, at the instigation of the Archbishop of Florence, has just been made from all parts of Tuscany to Rome, to pay homage to the Pope. "Now, O Florentines," it continued, "you cannot forget the crimes which have been in all ages committed by the Papacy; let us then, as a protest against this movement and against the dark deeds of those who are the enemies of our country and our liberty, unite in procession and place a crown at the feet of Girolamo Savonarola, who was a victim of papal imposture and lying. Let there be no excitement, no disorder. We trust to your patriotism and good sense that all shall be done in a dignified and solemn manner." I marvelled to read such daring, outspoken words in this Catholic city, and eagerly waited to see what would be their effect. In response to the call, there gathered on Sunday morning before the old monastery of San Marco, a crowd of quiet, but eager-faced men. Forming in orderly procession, they marched through the long, palaced streets to the Palazzo Vecchio, the same streets by which four hundred years ago had passed that wild rabble of fanatics, madly hurrying to his doom the noble, heroic monk. But now how different was the scene! Upon their banners was inscribed, in all loyalty and affection, the name of Savonarola, and every heart was beating high in enthusiastic devotion to his memory. The procession passed through the high, pillared court of the palace, and ascending the stairs over which Savonarola, with his body fainting from the cruel rack, had so often passed, they entered the stately Sala del Cinquecento, and placed with reverent feeling at the feet of the statue a wreath of bay with this inscription, "To Savonarola, victim of Pope Alexander VI." There was no excitement, no disturbance, for those who had gathered to witness the ceremony were too much in sympathy with the feeling which called it forth. And to-day all Florence has flocked to gaze at the statue of him whom she once so cruelly wronged, whose life was spent in her service, and who died in his efforts to give her and all Italy a purer faith.

The tall, impressive figure of the monk stands the central object in the lofty Sala. He is represented in the dress of his order, the Dominican; his raised right hand holds a crucifix, as was his wont in preaching; his left rests on the "marzocco," or seated lion, the emblem of the city he loved so devotedly. The eager pose of the figure, and the deep-set earnest eyes which look out from under his monk's cowl, seem as if they would again to-day rouse his beloved Florentines to their dangers and their duties.

Is not the placing of this statue in its position of honor another of the many proofs which are coming to our eyes daily that Italy is stepping forward and out of her old bondage to the Papacy? There is a new life stirring among these people.

The recent address of the Pope to the pilgrims who gathered in St. Peter's, proves plainly that he realizes it, and dreads its coming power. He tells them that there are many in the land who are endeavoring with the utmost zeal to weaken and even extinguish in the Italian people the homage and love due the visible Head of the Church; that he is called the enemy of the prosperity of Italy; that his divine authority is every day thrown into the mire by the works of an unbridled press; and that there are even those who threaten the occupation of the Vatican itself, to force him into a still harder prison, or into exile. His devoted sons should not merely grieve over the sad condition of their Holy Father, but they must do all in their power to alleviate it. He assures them that true and lasting prosperity is to be hoped for Italy only in the constant profession of the Catholic faith, and in sincere devotion to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, "who is the first and purest glory of your country." He urges them to guard jealously, at whatever cost, the precious treasure of their faith, to unite in religious associations, and wage with him the sharp warfare against the enemies who surround him and them. Above all things they must obey strictly the Roman

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Pontificate, in which case the final victory will, without fail, rest with the Holy Catholic Church.

Thus does Leo XIII. try to rouse the waning enthusiasm of the people for his person and authority, for ever since the stormy scene in the streets of Rome when the remains of Pius IX. were removed from St. Peter's to their final resting-place, he has felt how slight was his hold upon the loyalty of the mass of the people.

As I walk down the long aisles of the many noble churches of this fair city, I hear the voices of the priests chanting their services, but where are the listeners? Here and there I see the kneeling figure of a woman, or the white head of an old man, whose relaxed form shows that the shelter of the church has brought rest to his body if not to his soul. But these are nearly all. The young men of Italy are not there. They scorn their priests, call them "vagabondaggio," and will have nothing to do with a religion which they represent. I often see on Sundays, passing through the streets, long processions of young men from twenty to twenty-five years old upon whose banners are inscribed the words, "Societa Antireligiosa," which virtually means resistance to the Papacy.

No; Leo XIII. pleads in vain. Italy will never return to the thraldom from which she is bursting free. Truly, this field is ripening for workers, for the land has lost its old faith, and has not yet found a new.

FLORENCE, Italy, December, 1881.

—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Temperance Department.

ROSA LEIGHTON.

BY MRS. M. P. MARTIN.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

CHAPTER I.

"Birdie, Birdie, won't you come and talk to me? I am so tired of playing here alone. Where are you, Birdie? Oh, here, far up on the upper perch. Come on my finger and talk to me;" and little Rosa Leighton, with her pet canary held close to her cheek, sat down on the little rocking-chair, from which she had risen when she opened the cage.

Nothing that wealth could buy, or a refined taste suggest, was wanting in the room to make the little girl happy. The only child of wealthy parents, the costliest toys were not too expensive if they gratified her for a single day; but lavish their wealth upon her as they might, they could not buy for her the one blessing which her Heavenly Father had denied her—she was blind. Her nursery was furnished with the prettiest furniture; a carpet upon which the roses seemed strewn in graceful clusters covered the floor; a stand of choice flowers stood in the bay-window, and among them could be seen a few pet gold-fish swimming in their glass home; even Birdie's cage was perfect in its way, a beautiful new gilt one, but dear little Rosa could only feel all these things and try to imagine, from the description of others, what they looked like. It was not often that Rosa was left with only her bird for company, but one look into the parlors will explain all.

It is only an hour or two after noon, but here one might imagine that it was almost midnight, for the shutters are all closed, and in place of the bright, cheerful sunlight, light falls from the gas jets of the massive chandeliers.

In the front parlor the beautiful and envied Mrs. Leighton receives her gentlemen friends, who call to wish her a "Happy New Year."

In the dining-room a table is spread with all the delicacies of the season, and in the cut-glass decanters sparkles the ruby poison that has to-day led many a young man to take the first step in the path to destruction.

As the afternoon passes, Mrs. Leighton becomes strangely absent-minded; more than once a gentleman has to repeat a question before she answers, and each time the hall-door opens she watches almost breathlessly, and turns pale if any one speaks loudly or boisterously. Then, as the one she is looking for comes not, she smothers a sigh of relief or disappointment, she can hardly tell which.

Once more the door opens, and this time a gentleman, who bears enough resemblance to Mrs. Leighton to be known at once as her brother, crosses the room to where she is sitting. Some one else has just entered and has spoken to her, but she does not hear him; she steps forward to her brother, and catching his hand nervously, says, in a hoarse whisper, "George where is Frank? I thought you were going to stay with him."

"So I have, Eleanor. I have been making calls all day with him, but it has been of no use; he will not listen to me; and now he is making one call alone, and I have hurried home to beg of you to let me take all the liquors from the table before he comes in."

"George, I am surprised at you. Do I want to tell everybody that I am afraid my husband will drink too much? Besides, I expect a good many more calls, and how would it sound to hear it said Mrs. Leighton had a temperance table?"

"Yes, yes, Eleanor," said Mr. Newton, impatiently, "you told me all that this morning when I urged you to banish it entirely from your table to-day. What does it matter what others may say, so long as you can keep even one glass from your husband? If you could watch him as I have to-day, drinking a little here and a little there, until he is now in no fit state to enter this parlor, you would break every decanter into atoms rather than let him have one drop more. Oh, Eleanor to-day I have felt more than ever how responsible are you ladies for the influence you exert. I'll go up to Rosa now, the little darling must be lonely."

Long before he had reached the nursery, the door was open and Rosa was all ready to meet him. "Oh, dear, dear Uncle George, I am so glad you have come. It has been such a long afternoon. Nurse went down soon after dinner, and has been up two or three times to see what I was doing, but she said there was company in the kitchen, and she wanted to stay down there. But I have had Birdie; he has been on my finger ever so long. I put him in the cage when I heard you coming up-stairs. He can't talk, you know, but he is just like somebody; I can talk to him, and he puts his head against my cheek, and when he says, 'Peep, peep,' I make believe he is talking too. I told him how, my dear darling Uncle George gave him a new cage to-day, and that mamma said it was all bright and shining—I don't know just how 'shining' looks, but I guess he does, because, you know he can see. Why, when I told him he ought to be a good bird and not scatter his seed over the floor of his new cage, he turned his head and said 'peep, peep,' so plainly that I know he must have meant 'Yes.'"

"And did his little mistress talk to him just as fast as she talks to her Uncle George? If she did, I don't wonder that he looks so tired now that he has hidden his head under his wing and gone to sleep. Now Uncle George has come to see his little Birdie, and he wants her to get up into his lap and lay her head on his shoulder and tell him all that she has been thinking about this long afternoon."

"There, Uncle George, that is nice; now I'm as happy—oh, as happy as I can be. Uncle George, do little girls that see ever get tired? I don't believe they do—there are so many things to look at. I would like to see you now, Uncle George;" and the loving child clasped her arms tightly around her uncle's neck, while he smoothed her bright curls, thinking of one to whom this darling had been entrusted, who was even now laying up in store for her unlooked-for misery.

As Rosa lay thus in her uncle's arms, her quick ear caught the sound of a step in the front hall, and before he could distinguish it, she raised herself and said: "Oh, there's papa, I heard him come in; now can't I go to him? or no, Uncle George, won't you ask him to come up to me? Mamma said I wasn't to come into the parlor to-day, but I do want to kiss my darling papa; but what is the matter down-stairs, there is so much noise; do you think papa is sick? I heard him talk so loud; oh, I wonder whether he is hurt—won't you take me to him? Mamma won't care if I come down if papa is sick—let us go to him, poor papa; why, he is talking louder than ever; oh, do come, Uncle George."

Mr. Newton scarcely heeded the little girl; too well he knew what all the confusion meant, and without noticing that she was slowly following him, he hurried to the dining-room to do his best to quiet the drunken ravings of his poor wretched brother-in-law.

Opening the door, he found Mr. Leighton, the envied owner of all the splendor which surrounded him, finishing at his own table the work upon which he had been engaged all day—putting himself far beneath the level of the brute "beasts that perish."

As he entered, a scene met his eye which caused him to cross the room almost in a single bound. Among the latest of Mrs. Leighton's guests had been a young man whose gentlemanly deportment showed that his New Year had not been spent as Mr. Leighton's had. Thinking that, as it was already late, no other guests would be likely to call, Mrs. Leighton had herself come to the dining-room with him, and as her brother entered the room, she had already filled a wine-glass, and was holding it before her guest.

As Mr. Newton crossed the room he saw the young man take the glass, and raising it to his lips, empty it at a single draught.

"Oh, Eleanor, what have you done?" and as the young man turned at the sound of his voice, his face became flushed, but in his eye was a longing, unsatisfied look that Mr. Newton knew too well. "Oh, Frederick, why did I not come in sooner? Remember your promise—remember your mother. Oh, Eleanor! Eleanor! to think that my sister should have been the tempter! Isn't it enough to see your husband, hear his rude jokes and boisterous laugh? Would you tempt another to follow in his footsteps?"

"Really, George, I think you talk very foolishly. Isn't Mr. Lansley able to judge for himself, and," in a low voice, "please don't call any one's attention to Frank. I don't want any one to suppose that I think he drinks to excess. As for my offering Mr. Lansley a glass of wine, what was it? He said that he had abstained all day, but I told him that he could not surely refuse when the glass was filled and offered by a lady, and he was polite enough to accept it. Why, George did you bring Rosa down? I did not see her come in."

The two gentlemen turned as she spoke, and saw that the little girl, guided by her father's voice, had quietly stolen up to him and was already standing beside the lounge upon which he had thrown himself.

She looked like a being from another world. In the midst of all this noise and confusion she stood in her spotless purity; her bright curls fell in sunny waves over her neck, and with her sightless eyes turned toward the father she almost worshipped, she had placed her little white hand on his burning forehead, and in accents made doubly sweet by the admixture of love and anxiety, she said: "Papa, darling, what is the matter? Are you sick? I heard you come in, and you talked so loud that I was afraid you were hurt, and I knew mamma would let me come down when you were sick. Are you sick, my own darling papa?" and tenderly she smoothed from his forehead his disordered hair.

"No, Rosa darling, papa isn't sick;" and quieted for the moment by the voice of the little one he loved so tenderly, Mr. Leighton put his arm around his darling child and drew her into his lap. She leaned her head against his breast with a look of perfect contentment, her anxiety all gone, for papa wasn't sick. His companions left him there, and he leaned forward to kiss his little blind child, but as his breath touched her face she shrank away, and with a shudder of disgust, said, "Please, papa, put me down, I want to go to mamma; something makes me feel sick." she slipped from his arms, and hurried to where she could hear her mother and uncle talking, while the poor father, almost indifferent, even to the shrinking away of his little child, fell into a deep sleep.

(To be Continued.)

SELLING TOBACCO.

Mr. Joseph Lingford, Bishop Auckland, whose returns from tobacco were £100 a week, sent a circular to his customers as follows:—

"Being desirious not to put you to unnecessary inconvenience, I hereby inform you that I intend to discontinue the sale of tobacco and snuff on and after ——. Believing, as I do, that the use of tobacco is fraught with much mischief, especially to the young, and tends to foster habits of intemperance, I have for some time felt it to be inconsistent to deal in an article which, according to eminent medical testimony, is injurious to the system."

Another grocer writes:—

"Some years since, and during the time I was foreman to ——, I gave up the use of tobacco, being persuaded that its use was injurious to myself. Another reason was, that many painful cases came under my notice of youths and young men being led astray by the pipe. After I had given up the use of tobacco I began to consider the question of selling it, and myself and another young man in the same shop decided that, if ever we went into business, we would never sell it. He went into business at Hull, and I am glad to say that he kept his promise nobly amidst many temptations to break it. I entered into business in this town (Darlington), and declined to take the stock of tobacco and cigars. I have never sold any, nor do I intend to sell any. I have lost some few customers by adopting this course, but I have increased my returns, and many of my customers who use tobacco, commended me for being true to my principles. I hold, sir, if it is wrong to use this article, it is wrong to sell it; but I am sorry to say that many grocers (who are otherwise good men), whilst they preach against the use of tobacco to their assistants and apprentices, and would feel very much grieved and annoyed if they saw an apprentice smoking a cigar or pipe, yet seem to have no compunction respecting the sale of the same. With many, profits, pleasure of customers, &c., are put before principle, and conscience and truth are put in the background."

Mr. R. Angier, King street, Witton park, Durham, writes:—

"I was selling cigars to the amount of about 10s. a week, and all to little boys; but I may say that I was just as well off without it, and am quite willing to give the profit to those who think it a good trade. Thank God, I have done with it altogether."

Mr. Joseph Rea, Church View, Lisburn, writes:—

"I have never used tobacco myself, but sold it extensively, until, from reading and witnessing the prevalence of the habit among very small boys, I gave up the sale entirely."

One of these conscientious men expresses the conviction in his letter that smoking leads to drinking. I am afraid he is right. The Good Templars set apart a whole district (that of Lincolnshire) to statistically test the question. The result proved that the smoking teetotalers were a little over seven times more liable to break their "obligation" than the non-smokers.—*Frank Spence in The Christian.*

AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN has been at considerable trouble in eliciting information as to the opinion of athletes regarding the use of alcohol and tobacco. The results of his inquiries show that the majority of the Queen's prize winners at Wimbledon, most of the leading oarsmen, including Trickett and Hanlan, and those crack American shots, Mr. Partello and Dr. Carver, consider the less stimulants and narcotics a human being indulges in the better for his physical health. Private Rae, Queen's prize winner in 1878, confesses that he indulges to the exrent of two ounces of tobacco per week, "and a glass sometimes." He maintains that both forms of indulgence are reprehensible, and that he would be much better if he gave them up entirely. Of Mr. Partello, the wonderful American marksman who lately made two hundred and twenty-four points, out of a possible two hundred and twenty-five at long ranges, it is related that he has always been a total abstainer, and that he has now given up tobacco as well. Sergeant Okey, the champion shot of New Zealand, lately attributed his success to his having been a teetotaler all his life and his being a non-smoker. Trickett and Hanlan are quite of one mind about the injury inflicted on the physical powers by the use of narcotics and stimulants.

AN EXAMINATION OF RECRUITS drafted into the German army states that a long series of careful measurements have established not only that the height of a man varies very considerably at different times of the day, but also that this variation occurs with great regularity in every individual. The greatest change in height observed was an inch and a half.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MRS. ALDEN'S HOME.

As we traverse the neatly kept walk, leading from the highway to the front door, we see on each side those small delicate flowers such as pansies, daisies, etc., which denote at once both culture and taste in the owners. The wide porch over the door is neatly trellised on each side, upon which is trained and kept well trimmed a woodbine, which through the hot summer months with its thick screen of dark green leaves, makes the broad hallway inside delightfully dim and cool, as we can see, for the door stands invitingly open.

Mrs. Alden smilingly answers our ring and courteously invites us in. Several chairs, one of them a sewing rocker, are comfortably arranged on one side, not set against the wall like sentinels erect at their posts of duty.

Here we seat ourselves by invitation, with our hostess, who is very ladylike and entertaining. We chat pleasantly for a short time, when a man's step is heard in the room at the upper end of the hall, and a voice says:

"Julia, are you in the front hall?"

"Yes, James, come in, we have lady callers and I invited them to stop here because it is so much cooler here where the sun does not strike the house," Mrs. Alden answers.

She does not leave the room, or seem to feel embarrassed at all to invite him in, although he has been at work on the farm all day, and may not feel like helping to entertain callers, if he is like a great many farmers. But we are soon at our ease with Mr. Alden, for he comes in genial and smiling, in plain clothes to be sure, as befits his employment, yet neat and whole. He is very agreeable, but is less of a talker than his wife is.

While we sit talking, the sound of children's voices is heard outside as they come from school. The Alden children leave the others at the gate, and come into the house. They are three in number, and the two boys seem inclined to dispute.

Mr. Alden rises from his seat, and bowing to us, leaves the room, evidently to quell the childish quarrelling in the next room. We listen to hear if he will speak harshly to them, for we can hardly believe he will, after what we have seen of his pleasant manner, and he does not disappoint us. He addresses them in this way.

"Come, children, do not dispute like this. What is it all about, any way? Will, you seem to have started it, what were you arguing with Harry about? Let me hear all about it, and I will see if I can help you settle it."

"I told him that Jim Lake's new pup that his father brought home to him from New York, last week, was a hound, and he says it isn't, it is a spaniel like Eddie Wilder's; but I know better than that."

"Well, the best thing for you both to do, is to leave it all to me to decide upon. I will go over and call on Mr. Lake after tea, and I can see the little dog, and you know I am something of a judge of canines, and I think I can settle it satisfactorily for you, if you will both abide by my decision."

The matter was at once dropped between the two boys, and we, at the same time, signified our intended departure by rising from our seats.

We were invited to remain longer, but my friend declined on our part, as it was nearing her tea time, and she had no one at home to prepare it for her, as she did her work herself. But before we left, Mrs. Andrews invited Mr. and Mrs. Alden to come and take tea while I remained a guest with her, on the coming Wednesday.

The invitation was graciously accepted by them both, Mr. Alden having returned to bid us good-day.

The tea party proved a pleasant affair as such parties always are, other neighbors being invited as well as the Aldens.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, and myself, were invited to each neighbor's house, who had visited them, in turn; invitations which we accepted, and returned visits at a later day. And at no place did we find discipline exercised with the children so firm and at the same time, so kindly, as we did at Mr. Alden's. At table they did not reach to help themselves, but asked politely to be helped to what they wanted, and we could see at once that it was not "company manners" with any of the family, and it was not a stiff and formal meal as it was at some places.

The father and mother spoke politely to each other always, thus setting an example of politeness before their children, which we could plainly see by a little judicious training they were learning to follow, and which would, in time to come, make of them lovable and useful men and women, as they were now sweet and engaging children. Maud, the youngest of all, was a sweet little five-year-old, and as pretty as a picture, with golden hair, and rosy cheeks, and a shy bashful way of approaching strangers.

After tea we were all invited to go over the house which had lately been remodelled inside. We noted all the modern conveniences of a comfortable farm-house. They consisted of a bath and washroom combined; with a stationary kettle for boiling clothes, and stationary tubs, also a bath tub; two sleeping rooms on the lower floor instead of one, as we usually find it, and a pantry so arranged that food and dishes could be passed through it by means of a wicket, from the kitchen to the dining room, without opening doors. Gems of fancy articles were also to be seen in the sitting room and parlor, which were now thrown into one room by the opening of folding doors.—*Household.*

FOR WANT OF A LATCH.

An old step-ladder lesson, setting forth the sad import of little neglects, is worth a thousand repetitions:

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe the horse was lost;
For want of a horse the rider was lost—
And all for the want of a horse-shoe nail."

This is said to be originally taken from actual history—of a certain aide-de-camp whose horse fell lame on a retreat and delayed him until the enemy overtook and killed him.

Another actual case, embodying the same lesson against the lazy and shiftless habit of "letting things go," is related by the French political economist, M. Say.

Once, at a farm in the country, there was a gate, enclosing the cattle and poultry, which was constantly swinging open for want of a proper latch. The expenditure of a penny or two, and a few minutes' time would have made all right. It was on the swing every time a person went out, and not being in a state to shut readily, many of the poultry were from time to time lost.

One day, a fine young porker made his escape, and the whole family, with the gardener, cook and milk-maid, turned out in quest of the fugitive. The gardener was the first to discover the pig, and in leaping a ditch to cut off his escape, he got a sprain that laid him up for a fortnight.

The cook, on returning to the farm-house, found the linen burned that she had hung up before the fire to dry; and the milk-maid, having forgotten, in her haste, to tie up the cattle in the cow-house, found that one of the loose cows had broken the leg of a colt, that happened to be kept in the same shed.

The linen burned and the gardener's work lost were worth fully a hundred francs, and the colt was worth nearly double that money; so that here was a loss in a few minutes of a large sum, purely for want of a little latch which might have been supplied for a few half-pence.

FOREST FIRES.

Very few, even among those who make a special study of forestry, have any idea how great is the area burned over every year by fires in the woods, and how great is the damage done. Pipes and cigars, sparks from locomotives, hunters, and anglers, and thoughtless boys all come in for a share of the blame of starting them. The total of damage done, as exhibited by the returns and the map about to be published by the Census Bureau, is amazing. The direct value destroyed cannot be less than two or three hundred millions of dollars annually, and is probably more. The indirect damage is great and many-sided, including the destruction of young trees, and saplings and sprouts, seeds in the ground, and in many cases the vegetable substance in the soil itself. Then we must take into the account the harm done because of uncertainty caused in the minds of those owning woodland or land which might be profitably planted or left to grow into timber.

"What is the use," men are apt to say, "to prune and trim and go without the interest on my money, when, do all I can, I can never be sure that the carelessness of others will not sweep it all away?"

We need much more stringent laws to punish the setting of forest fires, to fix the pecuniary responsibility, and especially to enforce preventive measures, such as keeping woodland clear of the tops, limbs, etc., left by loggers, and maintaining broad and frequent firebreaks, and an efficient patrol in all large timber tracts. Prevention is cheaper than cure, especially when, as in this case, cure may require a century of time, and not be always practicable even then.—*Watchman.*

TEA-CAKES.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL, IN "CHRISTIAN UNION."

QUICK MUFFINS.—Put into two quarts of sifted flour a piece of butter as large as an egg, add two even teaspoonfuls of soda and four of cream of tartar, one quart of milk, and, lastly, four eggs, thoroughly beaten. Bake in rings twenty minutes.

CORN MUFFINS.—Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda into one quart of sour milk; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of flour, a pinch of salt, two eggs—the whites stirred in the last thing—and enough corn-meal to make a thin batter. Bake quickly in rings.

MODERN SALLY LUNN.—To four teacupfuls of flour add two teaspoonfuls of sugar and one teaspoonful of good lard, four eggs well beaten, and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Use one-half milk, and one-half water to reduce this mixture to a thin batter. Bake in gem-pans, in quick oven.

SALLY LUNN.—Take one quart of milk, a quarter of a pound of butter, four eggs, and a teaspoonful of yeast; mix carefully; add a little salt and sufficient flour to make a very stiff batter. Butter four round pans, divide the mixture evenly between them, and put by the fire to rise for about nine hours. Bake in a quick oven about half an hour.

ROYAL TEA-CAKE.—Take one quart of flour, put into it a piece of butter the size of an egg, sift in one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar, add two well-beaten eggs, and enough milk to make a batter as stiff as can be easily stirred with a spoon. Bake in a flat pan about two inches deep, and break in squares when done; it requires from fifteen to twenty minutes according to the heat of the oven.

WHIGS.—To four cups of sifted flour add a piece of butter the size of an egg, a little salt, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; mix in gradually two cups of milk, and last of all two well-beaten eggs. Bake in cups or gem-pans. If the housekeeper is fortunate enough to possess a waffle-iron she may indulge in these delicious cakes; they do not taste the same baked in any other form.

POULTRY DRESSING.—Helen Campbell recommends, as a dressing for poultry, one pint of bread or cracker crumbs, into which mix dry one teaspoonful of pepper, one of thyme or summer savory, one even teaspoonful of salt, and, if in season, a little chopped parsley. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg in one cup of boiling water, and mix with the crumbs, adding one or two well-beaten eggs. A slice of salt pork chopped fine is often substituted for the butter. For ducks, two onions are chopped fine, and added to the above.

A PRACTICAL and simple help for strengthening and invigorating the body is found in the exercise received in sawing wood. Surely no country boy should complain if he can do this, for it is an excellent thing, and there is hardly an apparatus to be named which can compete with it. It develops the back, chest, and arms and produces a most delightful sense of invigoration, giving tone to the entire body. I have known sons of wealthy men do it solely for the physical benefit to be derived therefrom.—*Household.*

OUT of four thousand Jews in Toulon and Marseilles only seven, it is said, were attacked by the cholera. It is the repetition of an old experience, and is attributed to the dietary laws of Moses.

PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.

In Africa once I delighted to roam,
On the tail of my owner I fled,
But now far away from my own native home,
I, instead of a tail, dress a head.

CROSSWORD.

My first is in light, but not in dark;
My second is in boat, but not in bark;
My third is in near, but not in far;
My fourth is in gig, but not in car;
My fifth is in first, but not in high;
My sixth is in ear and also in eye;
My seventh is in late, but not in soon;
My eighth is in planet, but not in moon;
My ninth is in love, but not in hate;
My tenth is in fellow, but not in mate;
My whole is a poet whose words have weight.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

58 letters.

My whole is a remark of Dr. Johnson's, which every one who would accomplish anything would do well to remember.

3, 14, 20, 44 is the prominent word in the sentence, and is personified as a supposed opponent in a race. This opponent always gains by the fact that he is never hindered by 45, 32, 9, 6, 19, 15, 12, 2, 26, 49, 50, 21, 10. Dr. Johnson shows how a poet, in making a famous 17, 7, 5, 28, 16, 54, 11, 18, 34, 38, 33 could not compete with this opponent. With this competitor it is wise to 42, 57, 31, 14, 37 in advance, and never 35, 8, 45, 49, 41, 20, 42 to 54, 19, 29, 36, 54, 44 hindrances. It is *wiser* not to 46, 7, 2, 13, 39 him as an 50, 33, 47, 53, 31, 48, 9, 14, 58, 55, but 52, 51, 21 him as a friend; and, 23, 54, 47, 1, 32, 41, 31, 4 beaten, rather note with 43, 21, 25, 54, 32, 8, 40 care *how* you run, 46, 22, 27, 9 how *fast*; 30, 24 this must be controlled by the lack of that advantage he 24, 32 aptly ascribes to this opponent.

RHOMBUS.

1. o o o o o
   o o
  o o
 o o
2. o o o o o

You will not find my number one
Among the busy, toiling throng;
'Tis only found in kingly courts,—
With royalty alone consorts.

My number two repeats my first,
When duly it has been reversed;
It names a beverage,—drink thou not!
'Twill change a man into a *sot*!

Now read both ways—from east or west,
Or up or down—this is no jest,—
Each of those words then you will see
Will quite four times repeated be.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

DOUBLE ANAGRAM.—Joan of Arc.

CHARADE.—Co-nun-drum.

ANAGRAM.—Little Red-Ridinghood.

ENIGMA.—Fractions (cat, not, car, fact, station.)

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Alida Ferguson.

DRINKS FOR THE SICK.

ORANGE WHEY.—The juice of one orange to one pint of sweet milk. Heat slowly until curds form, strain and cool.

EGG LEMONADE.—White of one egg, one tablespoon pulverized sugar, juice of one lemon, one goblet water. Beat together.

SAGO MILK.—Three tablespoons sago soaked in a cup of cold water one hour; add three cups boiling milk; sweeten and flavor to taste. Simmer slowly a half hour; eat warm.

BAKED MILK.—Put a half gallon of milk in a jar and tie it down with writing paper. Let it stand in a moderate oven eight or ten hours. It will be like cream and is very nutritious.

SNOW FLAKE.—Dissolve in one quart of boiling water a small box of gelatine, and add four teacups of white sugar, and the juice of two lemons. When almost cold strain. Beat the whites of six eggs to a stiff froth, mix them with the water containing the dissolved sugar and gelatine, pour into moulds and place them upon ice or in a cool place. Snow flake served with boiled custard makes a pretty dish.

CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER I.—*Continued.*

It is time I told you a little more about the Tucker family. They lived away "out West." That is, if you live in New York, or Brooklyn, or Maine, or Boston, or New Haven, or even in Cleveland or Cincinnati, you might call it away "out West," for it was in Kansas.

KARL SWUNG OFF AMONG THE BOUGHS.

The Tuckers went there from New England when Karl was a baby, and had been working away on their bit of a farm ever since. A city had grown up about twenty miles from them, but it had not grown where Mr. Tucker thought it would, when he bought his little farm, and not even a school had come within five miles of them until lately. I am not so very sure that it would have done the Tucker children much good if there had; the truth was, there was such hard work, and so much of it, to feed all the mouths, and clothe the stout little bodies, that both Christie and Karl had had to work hard all day long. You need not suppose that on this account they did not know anything. I fancy they were almost as good scholars as some who go to school year after year. Mr. Tucker had taught them, in the long winter evenings, to cipher, and had studied geography with them on a big old map of the United States, that he had brought with him from New England. And Mrs. Tucker, who, in her New England home, had been the best reader and speller in the whole school, had taught them in both these branches very carefully. And so, though they had not many books to read, what they had were very carefully read, and very well understood.

Uncle Daniel lived in the handsome city that had sprung up twenty miles further east, and he lived an entirely different life from the Tuckers. He was Mrs. Tucker's youngest brother, was a merchant, and had one of the finest stores in the fine little city, and was what the Western people called a rich man. The Tuckers saw very little of them, for the reason that twenty miles in a country where there are no railways, are not easily gotten over, especially by busy people; and it was not yet quite a year since the branch railway came within a mile of the Tucker's farm. Since then, the country around had begun to hold up its head. A good school had been started, a neat little church had been built, and to the church the Tuckers tramped every Sabbath day. But the school they had not suceeded in getting time to attend.

"By next year," Mr. Tucker had said, "we must try hard for it."

He said it again that very morning, on the road to the depot.

CHAPTER II.

It was very pleasant riding to the depot in the early light of the winter morning. A ride of any sort was a treat to Christie. There was always so much to do in the little home in the morning, and when evening was closing in, that she could rarely be spared to ride to the station with Karl; so that, really, for the third time in her life, did she expect to gaze on the cars!

"It isn't your first ride after the iron horse, by any means," her father said to her. "More than a thousand miles you rode, and you stood it well, too; were just as good as you could be, and gave mother and me no trouble at all; in fact you seemed to be anxious to amuse Karl, and help him to have a good time. But you were such a little dot I don't suppose you remember anything about it."

"Why, father," said Karl, "she wasn't three years old then! How could she remember it?"

"Well, I don't know; seems to me I remember my mother, and I wasn't quite three years old when she died; but then folks remember mothers, I s'pose, longer than they do anything else. They ought to. Well, Christie, my girl, keep your eyes open to-day, and see what you can learn. My father used to tell me—your old grandfather, you know, who died before you were born—he used to say to me, 'Learn all you can, John, about anything and everything; there is no telling when a chance may pop up for you to use what you thought you never would use.' It's a good rule. I practised on it once when I saw a man making a waggon; I watched just how he fixed the wheel and the holes for the nails, and everything, and I said, right out loud, 'It isn't any ways likely that I shall ever make a waggon, but then I might as well know how you do it.' And it wasn't a week after that we broke down going across the prairie, your mother and me and two children; and if I hadn't known just how to fix that wheel we would have frozen to death likely enough before we could get anywhere."

"Well," Christie said, laughing a little, "I don't suppose I shall ever make a train of cars, but I'll learn how if I can."

"There's no telling," her father said, "what will come of one day; they are curious things, days are; like enough you may see something to-day that will help you along all your life; and for the matter of that, you might see plenty of things to hinder you all your life; that's what makes such solemn business of living. Only there's one comfort; you can shut your eyes to the evil things, and say: I won't remember one of them; I'll have nothing to do with them. And the good things you can mark and lay away in your mind for future use. Well, here we are, I declare. Old Sam has trotted along pretty fast this morning. Now, my man, you may help Christie out, and get her ticket, and put her on the train all right, and I'll stay here and take care of Sam."

Then did Karl's face glow! But he made a pretence of objection: "Why, father, I can take care of Sam if you want to go."

"No, no, my boy, I can trust you to look after Christie; you'll have plenty of time; they've got a lot of freight to load this morning, and you can go in and find her a seat, and do it all up like a man. Sam and I will tend to each other out here. I'll just set the satchel on the steps there, so you can reach it easy, and then I'll drive around to the shed."

Good, thoughtful father! Putting quietly away his own desire to see his little girl safely launched for her first journey; putting back with resolute hand the vague fear that Karl might not help her properly, or might not get off the train in time, and so harm might come to one or both of them. Well he knew that a whole army of "mights" and "might nots" lay all along life's journey with which to make himself miserable, and there was nothing for it but to seize the doubts with resolute hand and hold them back so that they need not cripple the young lives under his care. He remembered how, when Karl climbed the tree and swung off in a daring way among the slender-looking boughs, he had to shut his eyes and ask God to take care of the boy, and keep the father from crying out, and so help to make his son a coward. He felt a little bit like that this morning. Only the memory of the apple-tree helped; there were no trees now that Karl couldn't climb. They moved away briskly, that little man and woman; Christie running back once to give father one more kiss, and to assure him that she would certainly be in time for the evening train. And once he called after her, and ran forward to tell her to say to uncle Daniel that he could have a cow in the spring, like the one he wanted last fall. And then he went back to his horse, and the boy and girl entered the depot together. Karl went forward, business written on every line of his manly face as he called for and paid for a ticket, and stood by protectingly while Christie pinned it in the corner of her handkerchief into her pocket. Then he made a little heap of the basket of apples, and the basket of nuts, and the flowered satchel and the shawl, making business-like comments the while.

"You must have the conductor lift off these baskets for you, Christie; they always do that for folks travelling alone. You don't have to give up your ticket, you know; the conductor makes a little hole in it, and then gives it back; he won't take it until you are almost at the city. And Christie, mother said I was to remind you the last thing, not to get off the cars until you saw uncle Daniel, and knocked on the window for him to come for you; mother worried about your getting off alone."

WELLS BURTON SPOKE TO THE LADY.

THERE'S THE TRAIN!

"And what," said Christie, "should I do if uncle Daniel didn't get there in time, and I had to get off?" She moved closely to Karl as she spoke, and felt as though their ages were reversed, and she was ten and he was twelve, and wished with all her timid little heart that he was going along to take care of her. He had seen the cars so often.

"Oh, well," her protector said reassuringly, "he will be there, of course; he knows just how mother feels. But then if he shouldn't, you needn't be one mite afraid; it is just as easy to step off. I shouldn't mind it at all. I've seen Wells Burton swing himself off with his hands in his pockets; he does it just as easy as you step down from the back stoop. There he is now! Look, Christie, the boy just turning the corner!"

He came leisurely down the snowy walk, whistling a merry tune; a tall, handsome boy, dressed in a well-fitting suit of finest quality and of city make. He nodded his head good-humoredly to a man who stood leaning against the post, and lifted his cap politely to a lady who was approaching from the other end.

"I wonder what he is going in for to-day?" murmured Karl, watching him with fascinated gaze. "There isn't any school for a week; I heard him tell Mr. Lewis so yesterday. Do you suppose he can be going just for the fun of it?"

There was a touch of awe in Karl's voice. It seemed such a wonderful thing for a boy but a few years older than himself to be possibly riding around on the cars for the fun of it, as he sometimes rode a horse to water! As if in explanation of his wonderment, Wells Burton spoke to the lady who had addressed him.

"No, ma'am, our people are all in town; went in yesterday to spend Christmas at my grandfather's. I was to have gone there last evening but I didn't get my papa's message in time, and so came home as usual and had to stay here all night.

"Well, no, not alone, exactly. The servants are all at home, you know; but it seemed rather lonely.

"Oh, no, they were not frightened. I telegraphed of course as as soon as I found out how it was. I thought mamma might be a trifle worried.

"No, ma'am, I walked down this morning, it is such a bore to be always riding. Since there was nobody but myself I thought I would have the fun of a walk in the snow."

What wonderful talk was this! Karl, looking and listening, forgot for a moment his own importance that morning, and actually gave a sigh. To hear a boy so little older than himself talk so composedly about going into town and out of town, and spending the night alone, and telegraphing, and dismissing the handsome sleigh and ponies for the fun of a walk, it was almost too much! He looked over at the handsome, well-dressed fellow with a strange wistfulness; and the gray patches on his knees looked larger and coarser than ever before, and the red tippet around his neck seemed almost to choke him. What a difference there was in their lives, to be sure!

"Talk about houses," he said to Christie, speaking some of his thoughts aloud, "you ought to see the inside of their house! I guess uncle Daniel's is nothing to it. Nick Barton has been there with freight; been upstairs in three or four of their rooms, carrying heavy things, you know, and says it is perfectly splendid, the furniture and everything. He was telling me about it last night; he says they've got two pianos, or two great big music things in different rooms, and books! Nick says there are books enough to fill the church, he should think."

THEY WERE REALLY OFF.

"I'd like to see the outside of their house," Christie said wistfully "I don't ever expect to see the inside. But Karl, in the summer, mother said you and I would walk over that way and see all around it. Do you suppose they will be there in the summer?"

"Of course," said Karl, "they built the new house for the summer. They didn't mean to stay here in the winter at all. Nick told me last night; he says they just came down to settle it, and see to things; and the sick young man took a fancy to stay; so they all stayed. Nick said he didn't think it would last long, but he guessed maybe they would stay all winter."

"Is there a sick young man?" Christie's voice was changing from wistfulness to pity.

"Yes, there is; he can't walk, only on crutches, and looks pale and weak; and when he goes into the city, Nick says some great strong man takes him right in his arms and lifts him into the cars; and he is twenty years old."

"Poor young man!" said Christie.

And she envied the Burton family no more.

"There's the train!" said Karl, his voice full of suppressed excitement. "Now, Christie, don't you touch one of those bundles. I'll tend to them all; and, Christie,"—this in a lower tone—"if anything should happen that uncle Daniel shouldn't be there, and you shouldn't see the conductor, this boy would help you off if you should just ask him, and he could tell you just where to go to wait; he knows all about the city, you see."

"Oh," said Christie, shrinking back, and clinging to Karl's tippet, "I couldn't speak to him, Karl; I couldn't indeed. I'd rather get off alone a great deal; and I'm most sure uncle Daniel will be there."

"So am I. Don't worry! Now come!"

And the great moment had arrived. Karl shouldered the bundles with the air of one used to carrying many things, set them skillfully on the steps of the platform, then came down again for Christie, piloted her safely through the car, found a seat for her, discovered that there was a convenient little wire house above the seat where shawls and parcels were placed, arranged hers for her, and in fact did everything that an experienced traveller could have done for her comfort. He had not used his eyes for nothing. But now a brakesman was shouting "All aboard!" and he must leave her to herself. He bent down for one last word just as Wells Burton sauntered in with the air of an old traveller who had lingered outside until the latest moment:

"Remember, Christie, if anything should happen — which there won't, it isn't likely—I shouldn't be afraid to ask that boy about things; he looks good-natured. And, Christie, mind and come home to-night, even if you have to walk."

There was a sudden clanging of the bell, a final howl from the locomotive, a jerk which almost threw Christie from her seat, and they were really off. How swiftly the trees and barns and fences flew past them! Everything seemed to be afraid of them, and hurrying to get out of their way. What a queer noise the cars made! And they shook so! As though they were angry, Christie thought. She and Karl had often tried to imagine what riding on the cars felt like, but they certainly had never succeeded. By degrees, as she became accustomed to the strange motion, our little traveller gained courage to look about her. She had a great desire to act like other people, and in order to do this, it would be necessary to find out how other people acted. Opposite her sat a man with gray hair, and gold spectacles, and a very large gold watch. Christie liked to look at him.

"He is good," she said to herself. "I know he is. I wonder if he's somebody's grandpa going home for Christmas. I suppose he doesn't look like my grandpa out in New York, but I wish he did. I suppose he is taking his grandchildren some nice presents; books, maybe. I wish he would come over here and sit, and tell me about them."

This thought made her look directly in front of her, to see who had the seat which she wanted for her old gentleman. It was a young man with a pale, discontented face. He seemed to be in a great hurry, for he looked at his watch three times during the few minutes that Christie watched him; yet when a lady who sat in front of him suddenly turned and asked him to please tell her what time it was, he started as though he were not used to being spoken to, and said: "What? I beg your pardon. Oh, the time! I really do not know, but I'll see." And out came the watch again.

How could Christie help giggling? It did seem so funny to her. She did not mean he should hear her, but he did, for he darted at her a quick, annoyed look, which, however, softened when he saw what a shy, ashamed little thing it was.

Now Christie was not used to strangers, and felt almost afraid to speak; but she had been brought up to be careful of other people's feelings, and she was afraid she had hurt this young man. She slipped forward on her seat and touched his arm. Her voice trembled a little:

"If you please, sir," she said, "I hope you will forgive me for laughing. I couldn't help it; it seemed so funny to look at such a lovely watch as that without knowing what it said. But I did not mean to be rude. Mother would be ashamed of me."

(To be continued.)

A MAN is known by his company, and his company by his manners.—*Swift.*

The Family Circle.

THE CORN-STALK'S LESSON.

One single grain of corn took root
Beside the garden walk;
"O let it stay," said little May;
I want it for my stalk."

And there it grew, until the leaves
Waved in the summer light;
All day it rocked the baby ear,
And wrapped it warm at night.

And then the yellow corn-silk came—
A skein of silken thread;
It was as pretty as the hair
Upon the baby's head.

Alas! one time, in idle mood,
May pulled the silk away,
And then forgot her treasured stalk
For many a summer day.

At last she said, "I'm sure my corn
Is ripe enough to eat;
In even rows the kernels lie,
All white and juicy sweet."

Ah me! they all were black and dry,
Were withered long ago;
"What was the naughty corn about,"
She said, "to cheat me so?"

She did not guess the silken threads
Were slender pipes to lead
The food the tasselled blossom shook
To each small kernel's need.

The work her foolish fingers wrought
Was shorter than a breath;
Yet every milky kernel then
Began to starve to death!

So list, my little children all,
This simple lesson heed:
That many a grief and sin has come
From one small thoughtless deed.
—*Wide Awake.*

HER OBEDIENCE.

Far out on a Western prairie lived little Jane Austin with her father and mother. The place might have seemed lonely to some people, for there were no houses in sight of her home, nor any neighbors within several miles, but the three who lived there were quite contented; and when, a few months before my story begins, a baby came to gladden the household with his presence, their happiness was complete.

The house itself was not much more than a cabin. It had been roughly put together at a time when skilled labor was not to be had; but it had served for a shelter, and now, when prosperity had rewarded years of toil and carefulness, it was to be replaced by a larger and better dwelling. The plans had been drawn, the estimates made, and one bright summer morning Mr. Austin set out for the nearest town to purchase the lumber for it.

His wife was not afraid to be left alone with the children. She was a courageous woman, calm and self-possessed at all times, and her little daughter had inherited the same traits. There was much to be done about the house, and the two were very busy. The time passed quickly. The second day was drawing to a close, when Mrs. Austin noticed signs of a change in the weather.

"We must fasten all doors very securely to-night," she said to Jane, as they went together to the barn to feed the cattle. "I think there will be a storm before morning."

Dark clouds were gathering on the western horizon, and before they went to bed the wind was blowing in fitful, violent gusts that rattled seriously the timbers of the old house. Still no thought of great danger entered their minds, though Jane said to her mother, after she had lain down in bed beside her,—

"I shall be glad when the new house is built, mamma, for the wind won't make such a noise then."

"Yes," said Mrs. Austin, "I think we shall all enjoy it; but try to go to sleep now, dear, in spite of the noise."

Acting upon her own advice, she laid her head on the pillow and was soon unconscious of all around her. How long she slept she did not know, but she was awakened by the slamming of a door. She listened for a moment, and then feeling sure that the wind had forced open the outer door of the kitchen, she arose, and slipping on her shoes, went down stairs, to fasten it.

There she found that she was quite right in her conjecture. The slight bolt had given way, and the door was swinging back and forth at the will of the wind.

But she was quite equal to the emergency. Lighting a lantern, and getting a hammer and some nails, she pushed the heavy tool-chest against the door, and standing on it, securely nailed a piece of wood across from one door-post to the other. Satisfied that all was safe, she turned to go up stairs, when, with a roar, like that of some wild beast, the tempest smote the house. There came a fearful crash, that almost stunned her and made her very heart stand still.

What had happened? Had the roof been carried away? Had the stone chimney fallen and crushed it in? The next moment, in a lull of the wind, she heard her child's voice.

"Mamma, where are you? What is the matter?"

She rushed up stairs, calling, "I am here, my darling! I am coming!"

But when she reached the bed-room door, she could go no further. She had left it open; it was now nearly closed, and some obstruction prevented her from moving it. She held up the lantern and looked through the open space.

What a scene met her gaze! The baby's crib in one corner stood untouched; but the chimney had fallen, and crashing through the roof, had made havoc of all else. Where her own head had lain on the pillow, a huge beam rested, and just beyond it she could see the white face and dilated eyes of her little girl.

"Janie," she gasped, "are you hurt? the roof has fallen in."

"No, mamma," said the child, "I am not hurt at all, but I can't get up. Something is holding me down."

The mother looked again, and now she could see that the stones and rafters had fallen in such a way as to imprison the child completely without injuring her. Oh, to be beside her! to rescue her from her perilous position! for who could tell but that some slight jar might loosen the whole mass, causing it to fall and crush the child?

But the door was immovable, and the poor woman clasped her hands in agony, realizing her own powerlessness.

"Janie," she said, presently, "listen to me, and try to be my own brave little girl. You must not move; if you do you may be hurt. If you will keep quite still, I hope you will be safe. I can do nothing to help you, my darling" (and here the mother almost broke down), "but I can go for help if you will promise me not to stir while I am gone.

"Yes, mamma," said a quivering voice. "I will try not to be afraid, if you will leave me the light."

"No, dear," said the mother, "I cannot do that, for fear of fire; you are much safer without it. You must believe that God can take care of you in the dark."

"Yes," said the child, gravely, "I know; but, O mamma! if baby should cry?"

"Never mind baby, dear. He cannot get out of the crib. It will not hurt him to cry a little, and I will be as quick as I can. Now we will ask God to be with you."

The mother knelt down and said aloud, "O my Father, I pray thee keep in safety my darling children, for Christ's sake"——

And the child's voice answered, "Amen."

There was no more hesitation now. Mrs. Austin knew what she must do, and that there was no time to be lost. Throwing on some articles of clothing that hung in a closet on the landing, she hurried to the stable.

Her husband's saddle-horse was there, a creature as gentle as he was fleet of foot. She had him saddled and bridled and was on her way in a few moments.

The storm was over, and in the Western sky the waning moon shone with a feeble light. She urged the horse to his utmost speed, for she was a fearless rider, but it seemed to her that the three miles she had to go were a hundred at least. Midway she met with an obstacle. A huge tree had been blown down directly across the road. She dismounted, and devoutly thankful that the snake-fence was one she could pull down, she tore the rails from their places, led her horse around, made another opening and proceeded.

The village was reached at last. Stopping at the first house, where the blacksmith lived, she knocked loudly at the door.

In a few moments a voice asked, "Who is there?"

"Mrs. Austin. We have had a fearful accident. My husband is away. I have come for assistance."

In a moment more the door was opened, but she would not go in.

"No, let me tell my story here. I must go back at once to my children."

In a few words she told her story. "You will need," she continued, "three or four men to help you, and, above all, a ladder long enough to reach the upper window; there is no other way of getting into the room. Now I will go back. I know I need not ask you to make all the haste you can, Mr. Green."

For answer the blacksmith turned to his son with orders to rouse the neighbors, while he himself at once left the house to harness his team and get ready the necessary tools.

Back the mother hastened along the weary way, trying to still the agony at her heart with the hope that no injury had come to her children.

The day was beginning to dawn when she reached her own gate. What was it that fell upon her listening ear? A child's voice singing, actually singing,—

"God shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep.

For the first time Mrs. Austin burst into tears. She hastened up the stair. "Janie, my darling! are you still safe?"

"Yes, mamma; I am so glad you have come!"

There was no tremor in the little voice now.

"Baby has not cried at all. I heard him move a little and I sang my last Sunday's hymn; and then it seemed so nice I began to sing it over again. Did no one come with you, mamma?"

"I would not wait for them, dear, but they are coming soon. I think I hear them now," she added, as the sound of the wheels in the distance reached her ear. The four fastest horses in the village were bringing strong arms and eager hearts to their assistance.

A few moments more and Mr. Green stood in the room followed by three other men, while Mrs. Austin ran down stairs and stood at the foot of the ladder.

"Take baby first," said little Jane, and the infant was handed down safe and unhurt to his mother.

"Now, little missy it is your turn; we will have you out of that in a twinkling."

But as the blacksmith approached the bed he saw that it would be no easy task to extricate the child uninjured; for with one careless touch the overhanging mass might fall and crush her.

"Gently, gently," he said waving back his eager assistants. Then, taking a screw-driver from his pocket, he soon had the closet-door off the hinges. With that and the mattress and pillows from the crib, he built up a barricade over the little girl's head. "Now I think we can raise this broken beam."

The strong iron bars they had brought with them were placed under it.

"One moment!" said Mr. Green. "Now, my little girl, as soon as I give the word, creep out just as quickly as you can. Ready! Lift!"

The child then turned and drew herself to the edge of the bed. In an instant a pair of strong arms caught and drew her to the window, and as the three other men sprang aside, stones and mortar, beams and rafters, fell upon the bed with a frightful crash.

But at the same moment the mother saw the little white-clad figure descending the ladder, and with a cry she caught the child in her arms and then fainted away. The first moments of intense excitement had scarcely passed when one waggon after another began to arrive from the village, where the news of the disaster had rapidly spread. Little Jane was the heroine of the hour.

"It was touch and go with the little one, you may believe," said Mr. Green, with a shiver. "I don't know what ever held up the rafter, for a baby's hand could have shaken it down."

"And she lay there all the time without moving?" said one of his hearers.

"She did that. If she had kicked and struggled like any other child, the whole mass would have fallen and crushed her."

But amidst the general wonder and admiration the child herself was quite unconscious that she had done anything at all remarkable. When questioned she said simply, "Mamma said I must not move."

The good blacksmith took Mrs. Austin and the children to his own house until Mr. Austin's return, and when evening came and they lay down to rest once more, the little girl nestled close to her mother and whispered, "Don't you think God sent His angels last night to take care of us?"

"I am sure of it, my darling," her mother answered, fervently.

So am I; but I am equally sure that the means by which His messengers do their ministry of love are often in our own power; and in this instance they worked the Divine will, partly, at least, through a little girl's obedience.—*Youth's Companion.*

"SARAH JANE'S FOLKS."

BY ALICE M. EDDY.

"It ain't the bein' sick," said Sarah Jane, tossing wearily on her pillow; "it's the bein' sick here on Mellen street!"

"Mellen Street's well enough," responded Mrs. Higgins, pouring out medicine with a jerk, "You might be over in Bottle Alley, or up in Jones street over a saloon. Besides, if you don't like Mellen Street, why, I don't see where you're likely to be but Mellen Street unless you'd rather go to the hospital, which you wouldn't. You'd better be thankful for what you've got."

"Oh, if I had just one of my own folks to come and sit along o' me once in a while!"

Mrs. Higgins came over to the bedside with blundering kindness to pull the spread straight and toss up the pillow.

"I'm sorry for you, Sarah Jane," she said, "I suppose it's kinder hard not to have no friends nor nothin'—not countin' me, which I'm sure I'm doin' my best for you. But then, after all, I do' know but bein' the way 'tis, with you give up by the doctor, and not havein' long to live, why, I a'n't sure but what it's just as well that all your folks is dead and gone. You a'in't likely to be lonely in the other world, and you'd ought to consider it a comfort that there won't be nobody to be grieven' after you whan you're gone."

"I do' know's that's much comfort," said Sarah Jane, forlornly. "It makes a sight of difference when you have folks to drop in when you're sick. I know I had the measles when I was a young one, and't was real kind o' pleasant, with ma and pa and the rest of 'em comin' up to see me. Ma she told me stories sometimes in the night. I wish I had some one to come and see me now."

How did it come that just at that moment Mrs. Higgins, turning away with a reproving face, saw a carriage before the door?

A moment earlier or a moment later, and it would not have been there. The two young ladies within it had stopped only to look at the number on the house, but in that moment Mrs. Higgins saw them; saw the bright, eager faces leaning out to examine the door-way; saw the baskets of flowers heaped on the floor of the carriage, and hurried out.

"I do believe it's folks from the church," she said to herself. "I warn't goin' to ask 'em to come, bein' she warn't a member, but if they have!"

"Be you lookin' for number fifty-two?" she cried from the door-step, "because if you be, this is the one, and Sarah Jane she's just inside, and just hankern' after some one to come and see her. She's awful sick too. Be you lookin' for her?"

Madge and Joy, outside, looked at each other with momentary hesitation.

"It looks clean," said one to the other in an undertone.

"And such a dismal place to be sick," said the other. Then they each caught up a bunch of bright flowers and sprang out of the carriage.

"We weren't really looking for Sarah Jane," explained Joy, standing on the door-step, while her companion tied the horse. "We came from the Flower Mission, and

in the carriage to Mr. Edwards' office, who at once telegraphed for Mr. Crane, and Mr. Curtis, too.

The kind old lady would have persuaded her to go back with her, and wait until her mother and uncle arrived, but Amy preferred to go to some of their old friends, who would be glad to welcome her. Another thing: it would cause her mother less alarm, she thought, to know that she was with friends; but she promised to bring her uncle to see her new-made friend as soon as he arrived, and also to let her know how the affair ended.

Of course, upon receiving Mr. Edwards' telegram, summoning him to come at once upon urgent business touching his daughter's welfare, Mr. Curtis set off without delay; and at the depot he met Mr. Crane going on the same errand. The first alarm over, they began to think the whole thing must be a joke, for a lively letter had reached them from Milly only the day before, and Annette and his wife's maid had so often told them that if anything happened, or she was at all seriously ill, the convent authorities would be sure to communicate with them at once. It seemed that Annette had something to communicate to somebody, for while they were speaking she came out of the telegraph office.

"There is a minute to spare. I'll go and enquire who she has been sending to," said Mr. Crane.

In response to his question, the telegraph operator replied:

"That person who has just gone out often sends messages to a Mr. Ring, at the Jesuit Seminary. The one she has just sent reads, 'Something has happened. They are coming. Be prepared.'"

"Then that woman is a Jesuit spy, Crane," said Mr. Curtis, when he heard the result of his friend's enquiry. They ceased to grumble about the loss and hindrance it would be to their business now. To save time Mr. Crane telegraphed to Mr. Edwards to meet the train on its arrival, and that gentleman wisely thought it would be best to take Amy with him, to tell her own tale, and deliver Augusta's letter into her father's hand.

I need hardly add that a visit to the convent quickly followed upon their arrival, and that Augusta, Milly, and Florie, with the three girls who had lately been sent were at once removed from the care of the nuns. But, alas! the effects of the teaching they had received could not be removed or left behind. Milly had become more flippant and less disposed than ever to think of serious things; Florie became a stanch Roman Catholic, and afterward a nun, while as to Amy herself, this six months in a convent school crushed out all the buoyancy of her character, and she became a silent, taciturn—many said morose—girl. But Amy could never be morose; she was too loving and affectionate ever to shut herself up entirely to herself; but it cost her an effort to be social and agreeable, and her friends who knew her before said her life had been spoiled by this convent school.

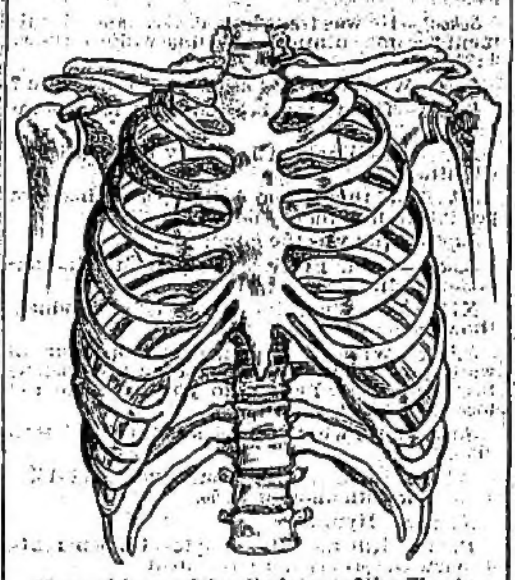
THE END.

FASHION IN DEFORMITY.

The deformities produced by fashion in different ages and among different races form the subject of a lecture delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain by Prof. William Henry Flower, LL.D. F.R.S. F.R.C.S. P.Z.S. &c. This lecture is now published in book form with illustrations and from it we take the following with regard to the deformity produced by fashionable dress:—

I must speak lastly of one of the most remarkable of all the artificial deformities produced by adherence to a conventional standard, in defiance of the dictates of nature and reason.

Of all parts of the body, the elastic and mobile walls of the chest would seem most to need preservation from external constriction, if they are to perform efficiently the important purposes for which their peculiar structure is specially designed. The skull is a solid case with tolerably uniform walls, the capacity of which remains the same whatever alteration is made in its shape. Pressure on one part is compensated for by dilatation elsewhere; the body is not so, it may be compared to a cylinder with a fixed length, determined by the vertebral column, and closed above and below by a framework of bone. Circular compression then must actually diminish the area which has to be occupied by some of the most important vital organs. Moreover, the framework of the chest is a most admirable and complex arrangement of numerous pieces of solid bone and elastic cartilage, jointed together in such a manner as to allow of expansion and contraction for the purposes of respiration—expansion and contraction which, if a function so essential to the preservation of life and health is to be performed in an efficient manner, should be perfectly free and capable of variation under different circumstances. So, indeed, it has been allowed to be in all parts of the world and in all ages, with one exception. It was reserved for



Normal form of the Skeleton of the Chest.

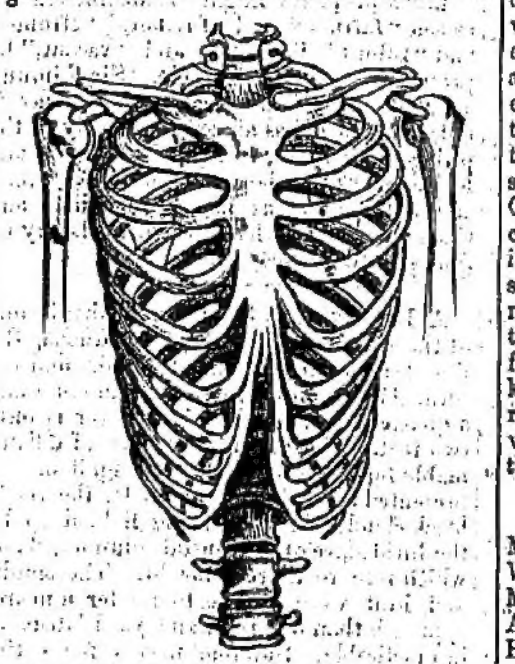
mediæval civilized Europe to have invented the system of squeezing together, rendering immobile, and actually deforming, the most important part of the human frame; and the custom has been handed down to, and flourishes in our day, notwithstanding all our professed admiration for the models of classical antiquity, and our awakened attention to the laws of health.

It is only necessary to compare these two figures (Figs. 1 and 2)—one acknowledged by all the artistic and anatomical world to be a perfect example of the natural female form—to be convinced of the gravity of the structural changes that must have taken place in such a form before it could be reduced so far as to occupy the space shown in the second figure, an exact copy of one of the models now held up for imitation in the fashionable world. The actual changes that have taken place in the bony framework of the chest are seen by comparing the two figures on this page, the one showing the normal form, the other the result of long continued tight-lacing. The alterations in the shape and position of the organs within need not be dwelt upon here; they and the evil effects arising from them are abundantly discussed in medical works. When it is considered that the organs which are affected are those by which the important functions of respiration, circulation, and digestion are carried on, as well as those essential to the proper development and healthy growth of future generations, it is no wonder that people suffer who have reduced themselves to live under such conditions.

The true form of the human body is familiar to us, as just said, from classic models; it is familiar from the works of our greatest modern artists which adorn the Academy walls. It is, however, quite possible, or even probable, that some of us may think the present fashionable shape the more beautiful of the two. In such case it would be well to pause to consider whether we are sure that our judgment is sound on the subject. Let us remember that, to the Australian the nose-peg is an admired ornament; that to the Thlinkeet, the Botocudo, and the Bongo negro, the lip dragged down by the heavy plug, and the ears distended by huge discs of wood, are things of beauty; that the Malay prefers teeth that are black to those of the most pearly whiteness; that the Native American despises the form of a head not flattened down like a pancake, or elongated like a sugar-loaf; and then let us carefully ask ourselves whether we are sure that in leaving nature as a standard of the beautiful, and adopting a purely conventional one, we are not falling into an error exactly similar to that of all these people whose tastes we are so ready to condemn.

The fact is that in admiring such distorted forms as the constricted waist and symmetrically pointed foot, we are opposing our judgment to that of the Maker of our bodies; we are neglecting the criterion afforded by nature; we are departing from the highest standard of classical antiquity; we are simply putting ourselves on a level in point of taste with those Australians, Botocudos, and Negroes. We are taking fashion, and nothing better, higher, or truer, for our guide; and after the various examples which have now been brought forward, may we not well ask, with Shakespeare,

"Seest thou not, what a deformed thief this fashion is?"



Skeleton of the Chest of a Woman twenty-three years of age, deformed by tight-lacing, from Rudinger's *Anatomie des Menschen*. By no means an extreme case.

POSSESSIONS vs. STEWARDSHIPS.

A boy, hearing of some one's income of $80,000, said:

"Whew! if I had $80,000 I wouldn't work a stroke all my life."

His narrator said to him, "The work would be more valuable to you than the money."

There is a great difference between possessions and stewardships—between that which is ours, which goes to make up what we are, and that which is given us merely in trust for its wise usage. "To him that hath" (possessions of his own, as part of his own self, which can never be taken from him) "shall be given." We only have a right to call that ours which is inseparable from us; all things else are but stewardships, of which death or affliction may at any time deprive us.

In this light, true possessions loom up as of vastly greater import than mere stewardships; and while the latter should be faithfully used, we should be more than mere stewards, and should seek, not merely greater trusts, but greater absolute, inseparable eternal possessions.

YOUR BROTHER IS DOWN THERE.

In an address delivered at the Mildmay conference, the Rev. A. G. Brown, of London said: "Some time ago in the East of London, they were digging a deep drain in the neighborhood of Victoria Park. Some of the shoring gave way, and tons of earth fell down upon several men who were there at work. Of course there was a good deal of excitement; and, standing by the brink was a man looking on—I grant you with great earnestness—on those who were attempting to dig out the earth. But a woman came up to him, put her hand on his shoulder, and said, 'Bill, your brother is down there.' Oh! you should have seen the sudden change! Off went his coat and then he sprang into the trench, and worked as if he had the strength of ten men. Oh, sirs, amid the masses of the poor, and the degraded and the lost, your brother is there! We may fold our arms and say, 'Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes. It is not for us to shirk the responsibility. There lie our brethren, and we shall have to give an account concerning them."—*Christian Herald.*

MAN'S PLEA to man is that he never more
Will beg, and that he never begged before;
Man's plea to God is that he did obtain
A former suit, and therefore sues again.
How good a God we serve, that, when we sue,
Makes His old gifts the examples of His new!
—*Quarles.*

Question Corner.—No. 11.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

121. Who hid a linen girdle in a rock by the Euphrates?
122. What woman was buried beneath an oak called the oak of weeping?
123. What king of Israel built an ivory house?
124. Where in the Bible, do we read of a pulpit of wood, and by whom was it used?
125. What is the first recorded purchase of land?
126. For what purpose was this land bought?
127. In whose reign was silver as plentiful as stones at Jerusalem, and cedar trees as abundant as sycamore?
128. What is the meaning of "Samuel" and why was he so called?
129. What king ordered a contribution box to be made for the temple?
130. For what purpose were the contributions thus obtained to be used?
131. Which of Joseph's brothers requested to be left in bondage in Egypt instead of Benjamin?
132. Which of the tribes gave the first king to Israel?

TRANSPOSED BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Fi I od otn het rwsko fo ym Heftar elvbeei ent tno.
2. So hte Trahef hwenkot ein vene os wkon I eth Efraht; nad I ayl wdno ym ifel orf hethepse.
3. Onw Sujse vlode Hratma dna ehr risest dna Sazulra.
4. Told uro alw dejgu yan amn reofbe ti aher imh dna wokn atwh eh tohde?
5. Remlav otn htat I adis toun ehte ey sutm eb norb igoan.
6. Ey esovyrules rbae em tiswens htat I idas I ma tno het Tslirei; utb tdia I ina nes rofebe mhi.
7. Rfo Suejs mifhels fesdittei taht a hrotppe htah on orhno ni ihs won tocrynu.
8. Dna eerhin si thta gasyni uert, eon ethoaw dan nthorne phetare.
9. Nhetisad yhte toun mih, Oidr eemvreor egvi su stih rdbae.
10. Ehva nay fo hte reruls ro fo het seprhaise vebdlice no ihm?
11. Neev sa Mrabhaa bveeilde Gdo dna ti swa neueodtea ot ihm orf sgthrisuoeens.
12. Brermmec eht Bhabsta ayd ot ekpe ti yhlo.
13. Dna ey lwli tno emoc ot em htta ey gmhit ehva elif.
14. Jericoe ni het Dlro, ey shirgtoeu, adn evig ktsnah ta eht ceremebrann fo his shiloens.
15. Xatle ey eth Orid rno Odg, ado phosirw ta ihs ootsooftl, ofr eh si olyh.
16. Eon Rldo, neo hafti, eno smapith.
17. Tno fo kswro setl nay anm dlsohu shato.
18. Veen hetre hlsia yth nhda adle em, dna yhi ghrti dnha lshla ldho em.

The initials give a saying of Christ's concerning Himself.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 9

97. By Samuel. 1 Sam. x. 1.
98. By Judges
99. "They said how shall this man save us? and they despised him, and brought him no presents." 1 Sam. x. 27.
100. Saul would not let them put the people to death 1 Sam. xi 13.
101. Saved the people of Jabesh Gilead from the Ammonites. 1 Sam. xi.
102. In the tribe of Gad.
103. Every Sabbath. Lev. xxiv. 8.
104. From the Jebusites in the reign of David. 2 Sam. v. 6, 7.
105. In the tribe of Benjamin.
106. Jericho. Josh. vi. 26.
107. By Hiel, the Bethelite, in the time of king Ahab. 1 Kings xvi 34.
108. It runs past Jerusalem and empties into the Dead Sea.

BIBLE ALPHABET.

Esther 1: 1. Dan. 5: 1-4. Num. 13: 30-33. Judges 4: 4-14. 1 Sam. 24: 1-7. Acts 26: 24. John 18. 1-2; Mat. 20: 36. 2 Sam. 5: 11. Gen 1: 16; xxi. 9. Psalm 122: 6. 1 Sam. 9: 1-2. Isaiah 14: 12. Col. 4: 10; Acts 11: 24. Zeph. 2: 13. Phil. 1: 16. 2 Tim 4: 21. Acts 12: 13. Acts 20: 6-7. 2 Sam. 6: 7. Esther 1; 10. Psalm 137.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 8.—Herbert Alexander, 12 ac; Bessie Alexander, 12 ac; P. J. Hunter, 12; Annie M. Burr, 11 ac; Alexander Burr, 11 ac; Gordon McK. Campbell, 11; Marion McDiarmid, 11; Maud Evans, 11; Christina B. McNaughton, 11 Mary E. Strohm, 8; Mary D. Osborne, 6.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XII.

June 18, 1882.] Mark 9 : 33-50.

THE CHILDLIKE BELIEVER.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 35-37.

33. And he came to Capernaum: and being in the house he asked them, What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way?

34. But they held their peace: for by the way they had disputed among themselves who should be the greatest.

35. And he sat down, and called the twelve, and saith unto them, If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all.

36. And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them: and when he had taken him in his arms, he said unto them,

37. Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me: and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but him that sent me.

38. And John answered him, saying, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us: and we forbad him, because he followeth not us.

39. But Jesus said, Forbid him not: for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name that can lightly speak evil of me.

40. For he that is not against us is on our part.

41. For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward.

42. And whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea.

43. And if thy hand offend thee, cut it off: it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched:

44. Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

45. And if thy foot offend thee, cut it off: it is better for thee to enter halt into life, than having two feet to be cast into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched.

46. Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

47. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out; it is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire:

48. Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

49. For every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt.

50. Salt is good: but if the salt have lost his saltness, wherewith will ye season it? Have salt in yourselves, and have peace one with another.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."—Isa. 57 : 15.

TOPIC.—The Spirit of Christ.

LESSON PLAN.—1. A LITTLE CHILD IN THE MIDST. 2. IN THE NAME OF CHRIST. 3. THE DANGER OF SIN.

Time.—Autumn, A.D. 29. Place.—Capernaum.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long Jesus and his disciples were in going from Cæsarea Philippi to Capernaum we are not informed. The journey was made privately, and Jesus spent his time on the way in the instruction of his disciples.

I. A LITTLE CHILD IN THE MIDST.—(33-37.) V. 33. THE HOUSE—probably Peter's house Matt. 8: 14. DISPUTED—talked without agreeing. Luke 9 : 46. BY THE WAY—as they came through Galilee. (See v. 30.) V. 34. HELD THEIR PEACE—they did not like to confess. GREATEST—they thought that Jesus was about to set up an earthly kingdom, and the question among them was who should be his prime minister, or highest officer. V. 35. A CHILD—he gave them an object lesson. Only those who have childlike love, trust and humility can ever enter the kingdom. V. 37. ONE OF SUCH CHILDREN—either a little child or a disciple with a childlike spirit.

II. IN THE NAME OF CHRIST.—(38-42.) V. 38. WE—perhaps the three leading disciples. FOLLOWETH NOT—does not go about with us. V. 39. LIGHTLY SPEAK EVIL—he is my friend; he believes in me and loves me. V. 40. ON OUR PART—there are only two parties. V. 41. A CUP—the smallest kindness. V. 42. OFFEND—cause to sin. LITTLE ONES—either little children or poor, ignorant, humble disciples.

III. THE DANGER OF SIN.—(43-50.) V. 43. IF THY HAND—if anything, however dear to you, leads you to sin or keeps you from a godly life, thrust it from you. V. 49. SALTED WITH FIRE—as every sacrifice is to be salted with salt (Lev. 2 : 13) before it can be offered acceptably to God, so every believer shall be salted—made meet for everlasting life, with fire, by such trials, sufferings and self-denials as purify the soul. V. 50. LOST HIS SALTNESS—if the true spirit of self denial is lacking. HAVE SALT—secure this self-sacrificing spirit, that you may be kept from evil and live in peace.

TEACHINGS:

1. True greatness consists in forgetting self and blessing others.

2. Jesus will not overlook the smallest kindness to any of his friends.

3. Such service must be done in Christ's name and for his sake.

4. If you want to do a kindness to the Master, do it to some one who needs it.

5. We are not to oppose work done for Christ because it is not done in our way.

REMEMBER that Christ's way of becoming great is different from the world's way. The greatest people, as he sees them, are those who live to serve others in his name. This is one way we all can be great.

LESSON XIII.

June 25, 1882.] [Mark 6 : 1-9 : 50.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench.—Isa. 42 : 3.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

[Allow ten minutes before the service for collecting the library books and for attention to class details.]

1. Two taps of bell, call school to order.

2. One tap, silent prayer, closing with the Lord's Prayer in concert.

3. Singing (all standing).

4. RESPONSIVE READING:

Superintendent.—How amiable are thy tabernacles, O LORD of hosts!

School.—My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the LORD: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Supt.—Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

School.—Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee.

Supt.—O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer; give ear, O God of Jacob.

School.—Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

Supt.—For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.

School.—I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

Supt.—One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after;

School.—That I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the LORD and to enquire in his temple.

Supt.—We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

School.—Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

Supt.—According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth.

School.—For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.

All.—O LORD of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

5. Singing: Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

6. Repeating the Ten Commandments or the Apostles' Creed in concert.

7. Prayer, led by the superintendent.

Less. I. *Superintendent.*—What did the people of Nazareth say about Jesus?

School.—Is not this the carpenter, the Son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joses, and of Juda and Simon? and are not his sisters here with us? Mark 6 : 3.

Supt.—What did the apostles do when Jesus sent them forth?

School.—And they went out and preached that men should repent. And they cast out many devils, and anointed with oil many that were sick, and healed them. 6 : 12, 13.

II. *Supt.*—What promise did Herod make to the daughter of Herodias?

School.—Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, I will give it thee, unto the half of my kingdom. 6 : 23.

Supt.—What was her request?

School.—I will that thou give me, by and by, in a charger, the head of John the Baptist. 6 : 25.

Supt.—What did Herod do?

School.—The king sent an executioner, and commanded his head to be brought; and he went and beheaded him in the prison. 6 : 27.

III. *Supt.*—How did Jesus feel for the multitude?

School.—Jesus was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as a sheep not having a shepherd. 6 : 34.

Supt.—How did he supply their hunger?

School.—He looked up to heaven, and blessed and brake the loaves, and gave them to his disciples to set before them; and the two fishes divided he among them all. 6 : 41.

Singing.—Hymn.

IV. *Supt.*—How did the disciples feel when they saw Jesus walking upon the sea?

School.—They supposed it had been a spirit, and cried out; for they all saw him, and were troubled. 6 : 49, 50.

Supt.—How did Jesus calm their fears?

School.—It is I; be not afraid. And he went up unto them into the ship; and the wind ceased. 6 : 50 : 51.

V. *Supt.*—What fault finding question did the Pharisees ask?

School.—Why walk not thy disciples according to the tradition of the elders, but eat bread with unwashen hands? 7 : 5.

Supt.—What did Jesus reply?

School.—Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition. 7 : 9.

Supt.—What did he say about defilement?

School.—That which cometh out of the man, that defileth the man. 7 : 20.

VI. *Supt.*—How did Jesus seemingly repulse the Syrophenician woman?

School.—It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it unto the dogs. 7 : 27.

Supt.—What was her reply?

School.—Yes, Lord; yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs. 7 : 28.

Supt.—What did Jesus then say to her?

School.—O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt. Matt. 15 : 28.

Singing.—Hymn.

VII. *Supt.*—What charge did Jesus give his disciples?

School.—Take heed, beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, and of the leaven of Herod.

VIII. *Supt.*—What question did Jesus ask his disciples?

School.—Whom say ye that I am? 8 : 29.

Supt.—What was Peter's answer?

School.—Thou art the Christ.

Supt.—What did Jesus now foretell?

School.—The Son of man must suffer many things and be rejected of the elders, and of the chief priests, and scribes, and be killed, and after three days rise again. 8 : 31.

IX. *Supt.*—What condition of following him did Jesus give?

School.—Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross, and follow me. 8 : 34.

Supt.—What question of profit did he ask?

School.—What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? 8 : 36.

Singing.—Hymn.

X. *Supt.*—How was the glory of Jesus manifested?

School.—He was transfigured, ... and his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow. 9 : 29.

Supt.—What was the Father's witness to him?

School.—This is my beloved Son, hear him. 9 : 7.

XI. *Supt.*—What did Jesus say to the distressed father?

School.—If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. 8 : 23.

Supt.—What was the father's reply?

School.—Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief. 9 : 24.

XII. *Supt.*—What did Jesus say of kindness shown to his disciples?

School.—Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, He shall not lose his reward. 9 : 41.

Supt.—With what counsel does this last lesson close?

School.—Have salt in yourselves, and have peace one with another 9 : 50.

Singing.—Hymn.

Review drill on titles, Topics, Golden Texts, Review Questions and Catechism.

Close in the usual manner.

THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN SHALL AND WILL.

The general rule to be followed in the use of the words "shall" and "will" is, that when the simple idea of future occurrence is to be expressed unconnected with the speaker's resolve, we must use the "shall" in the first person and "will" in the second and third, as: "I shall die, you will die, he will die," but when the idea of compulsion or necessity is to be conveyed—a futurity connected with the will of the speaker—"will" must be employed in the first person and "shall" in the second and third, as: "I will go, you shall go, he shall go." "I shall attain to thirty at my next birthday," merely foretells the age to which the speaker will have reached at his next birthday, "I will attain to thirty at my next birthday," would imply a determination to be so old at the time mentioned. "You will have some money to-morrow," would imply a promise to pay it; "you shall have some money to-morrow," would only imply an expectation that the person addressed would receive some money.

The Edinburgh *Review* denounces the distinctions of "shall" and "will," by their neglect of which the Scotch are so often betrayed, as one of the most capricious and inconsistent of all imaginable irregularities, and as at variance not less with original etymology than with former usage. Prof. Marsh regards it as a verbal quibble which will soon disappear from our language. It is a quibble, just as any distinction is a quibble to persons who are too dull, too lazy, or too careless to comprehend it. With as much propriety might the distinction between "farther" and "further," "strong" and "robust," "empty" and "vacant," be pronounced a verbal quibble. Sir Edmund W. Reed has shown that the difference is not one which has an existence only in the pedagogue's brain, but that it is as real and legitimate as that between "be" and "am," and dates back as far as Wickliffe and Chaucer, while it has also the authority of Shakespeare.—*Matthew.*

A BURNING LAKE.—It is said that in one of the chief naphtha wells of Russia, the liquid shoots up as from a fountain, and has formed a lake four miles long and one and a quarter wide. Its depth however is only two feet. This enormous surface of inflammable liquid recently became ignited, and presented an imposing spectacle, the thick, black clouds of smoke being lighted up by the lurid glare of the central column of flame which rose to a great height. The smoke and heat were such as to render a nearer approach than one thousand yards' distance impracticable. Suitable means for extinguishing the fire was not at hand, and it was feared that the conflagration would spread underground in such a manner as to cause an explosion. This supposition led many inhabitants of the immediate vicinity to remove to a safer distance. The quantity of naphtha on fire was estimated at four and a half million cubic feet. The trees and buildings within three miles' distance were covered with thick soot, and this unpleasant deposit appeared on persons' clothes and even on the food in the adjacent houses. Not only was the naphtha itself burning, but the earth which was saturated with it was also on fire, and ten large establishments founded at great expense for the development of the trade in the article, were destroyed.—*Scientific American.*

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